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THE  
MORNINGSTAR  
OPTION



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THE SANDMAN  
PRESENTS

# Lucifer™

THE  
MORNINGSTAR  
OPTION

PART TWO

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## THE STORY THUS FAR...

*Lucifer Morningstar has come out of retirement. His old employer wants him back—to do one last, dirty job.*

*An ancient magical force has awakened at the threshold of the new millennium to grant ordinary mortals their heart's desire — in unpredictable, increasingly destructive ways. The resulting chaos plants the seeds of Armageddon, and Heaven must act now to forestall the terrible harvest. Forbidden to interfere directly in human affairs, the angelic host turns to Lucifer, the fallen angel who traded his rulership of Hell for a piano bar in L.A. He agrees to act as a free agent in return for one letter of passage.*

*Lucifer taps the demonic informant Briadach, tortured seer and Lord of the Lillim in exile, for a valuable tip: Find Paul Begai, a young man paralyzed and incapable of speech. But the trail leading from Paul turns up cold. Dead cold, thanks to Paul's sister Rachel, who accidentally wished his life away.*

*Now Lucifer must turn elsewhere for information. . .*

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THE CUP IS EMPTY.  
HARD TO REMEMBER  
THE COMFORT IT HELD.  
ALL GONE NOW. ALL  
DRIED UP.

BRIADACH SETS  
HIS TEETH IN  
THE HOT DUSK.  
THE BLINDFOLD  
IS NO HELP TO-  
NIGHT. HE IS  
ASSAILED BY  
IMAGES, SEEDS,  
BEGINNINGS.  
GAPING MOUTHS  
THAT ISSUE  
FORTH THE END-  
LESS SPEW OF  
FUTURE TIME.

I WISH I MAY, I WISH  
I MIGHT,... A SWEET  
PDISON IS SPREADING  
OUT ACROSS THE EARTH.

DANNY FOLGER IS A  
CROWPIER, BUT NOT  
AFTER TONIGHT. NO  
MATTER HOW FAST HE  
SLAMS THE BRAKE, THE  
WHEEL IS FASTER. THE  
LAW OF PROBABILITY  
JUST TURNED AND  
BIT HIM IN THE HAND.

BRENDA LIMOTO FINDS HER  
WEDDING RING, WHICH SHE GAVE  
UP FOR LOST SIX YEARS AGO,  
INSIDE THE HOLE IN THE WALL THAT  
SHE FINALLY DECIDED TO PLASTER.

HYDRANTS BURST IN EVERY DOWN-  
TOWN AREA. STREET PUNKS DANCE  
IN THE SPRAY LIKE A SCENE FROM  
SOME CORNY MOVIE.

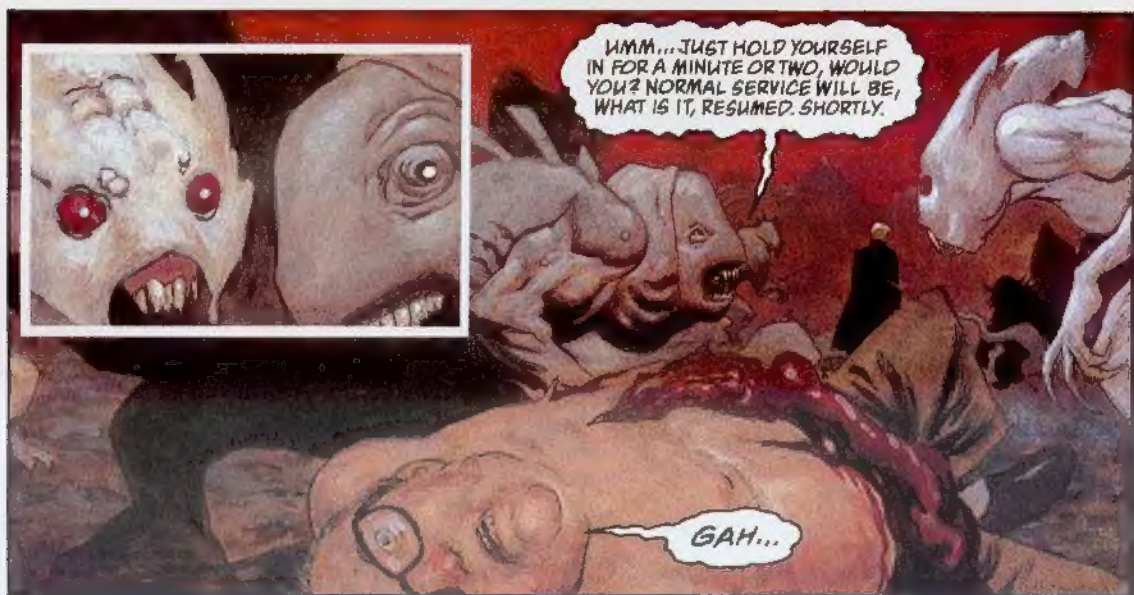
I WISH I MAY...

AND LUCIFER,  
HEAVEN'S FALLEN  
AGENT...

...WALKING THE ROCKY  
PATHS OF THE NINTH  
CIRCLE, SURROUNDED  
BY HORRORS AS WIDE  
AND VARIOUS AS THE  
HUMAN MIND CAN HOLD...

...EVEN LUCIFER  
IS COMING HOME.









LITTLE PIG,  
LITTLE PIG, LET  
ME IN.



*This is no longer your  
domain, Lucifer Morningstar.  
You have no right of entry  
here. No right even to walk  
on this ground without  
our leave.*

Ffff. In my  
day we took in any-  
one who happened by.  
That's part of the  
point, isn't it?



*You will not face me down and you will not  
sway me. Our work of redemption is at a delicate  
stage, and your presence here drags everything  
back into question.*

REMIEL, YOU  
ONCE BEGGED ME  
TO RETURN...

I HAVEN'T  
FINISHED  
YET!

OF WELL.

*You come here with all your  
old arrogance - like a visiting  
head of state, when the truth  
is you've evaded your respon-  
sibilities. You resigned.*

*You resigned,  
Lucifer.*



YOUR  
GRASP OF  
CURRENT AFFAIRS  
IS AS KEEN AS  
EVER.

*Spare me  
your sarcasm.  
I have nothing  
more to say to  
you.*

REMIEL...



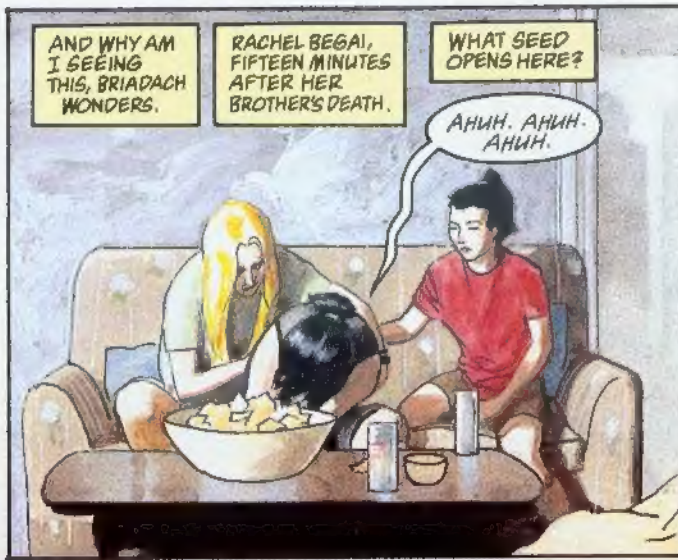
HOW MANY DEMONS STAND  
BEHIND US? I RECKON AT LEAST  
A THIRD OF THE INFERNAL HOST.

IF YOU DON'T  
LET ME COME INSIDE  
I'LL HUMILIATE YOU  
SO BADLY THAT YOUR  
PRESTIGE HERE --  
WHICH I IMAGINE IS  
ALSO AT A DELICATE  
STAGE -- WILL CATCH  
COLD AND DIE.



GOOD LAD.  
ALWAYS KNOW  
YOUR LIMITA-  
TIONS, EH?

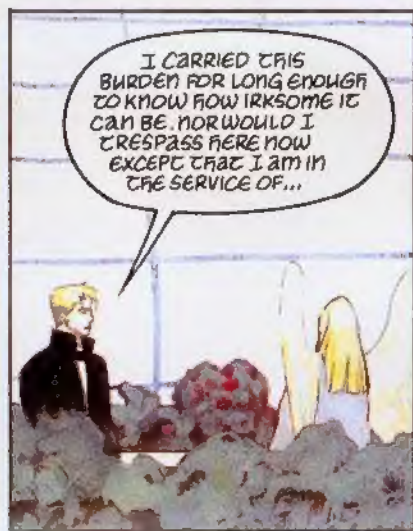












...THE SERVICE OF  
HEAVEN. THAT WAS  
HARDER TO SAY THAN  
I'D ANTICIPATED.

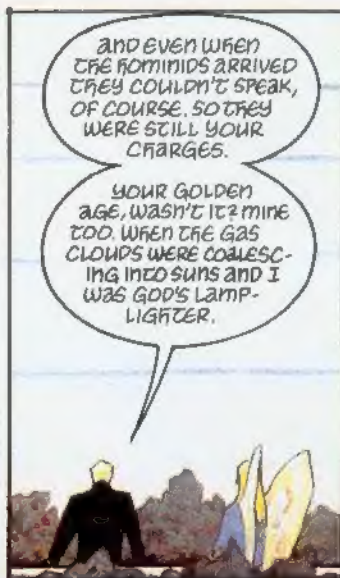






BUT THERE WERE AGES OF SILENCE. DO YOU REMEMBER, DUMA? BEFORE THEY CRAWLED OUT OF THE SEA-- WHEN YOU COULD STILL FEAR YOURSELF THINK?

MY OWN TASTES TEND MORE TO THE BAROQUE, BUT I DID APPRECIATE THAT...



AND EVEN WHEN THE HOMINIDS ARRIVED THEY COULDN'T SPEAK, OF COURSE. SO THEY WERE STILL YOUR CHARGES.

YOUR GOLDEN AGE, WASN'T IT? MINE TOO. WHEN THE GAS CLOUDS WERE COALESCING INTO SUNS AND I WAS GOD'S LAMP-LIGHTER.

I DID DROP IN ON THE EARTH, ONCE IN A WHILE. I REMEMBER THE SILENCE-- LIKE AN OCEAN WITH NO TIDES.

AND THE LITTLE GODS. THEY FLOATED IN THE AIR LIKE FLIES. THAT BRINGS ME TO MY POINT, ACTUALLY.



"THE POOR, NAKED HALF-MEN, SCARED OF THEIR OWN SHADOWS... THEY MADE THE BEST GODS THEY COULD, BUT THEY HAD NO LANGUAGE TO GIVE SHAPE TO THEIR IMAGININGS. SO THE FIRST GODS WERE THIN GRAY SHADOWS, WITHOUT FORM AND WITHOUT SPEECH, DREDGED INTO BEING BY THE DUMB LONGINGS OF THEIR WORSHIPPERS.



"FOR THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS THESE SHADOW THINGS WERE THE ONLY PANTHEON THERE WAS. WE CALLED THEM THE VOICELESS GODS. THEN WE IGNORED THEM.

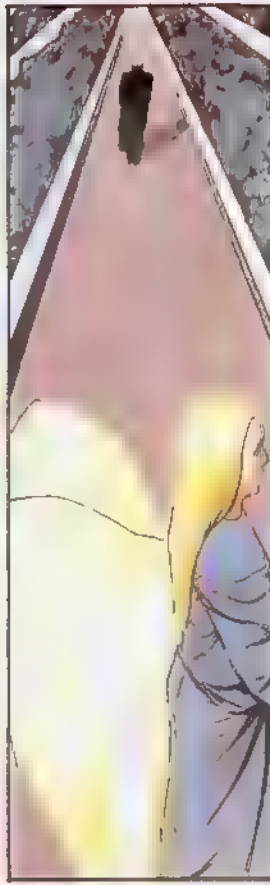
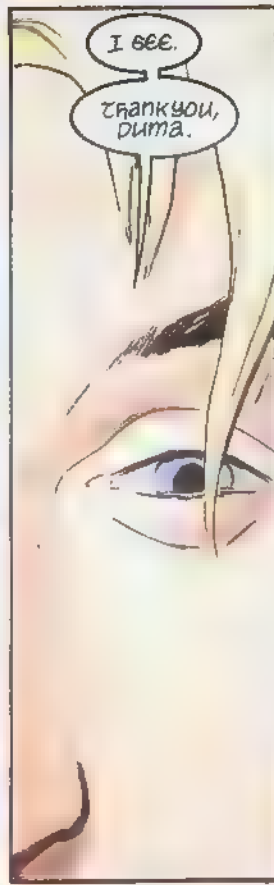
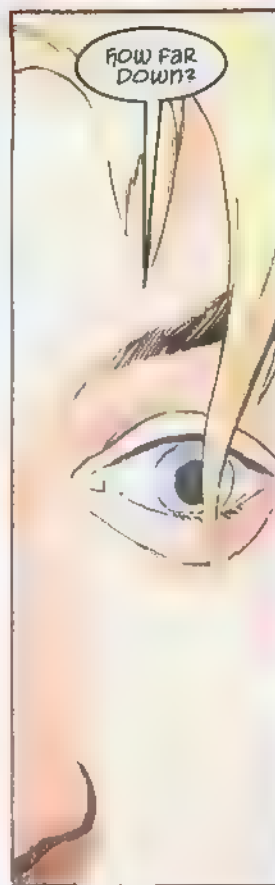
"WHEN THE OTHERS CAME ALONG, THE GODS WITH THE FIRM HANDSHAKES, IT WAS EASY TO FORGET ABOUT THE LITTLE SILENT ONES."



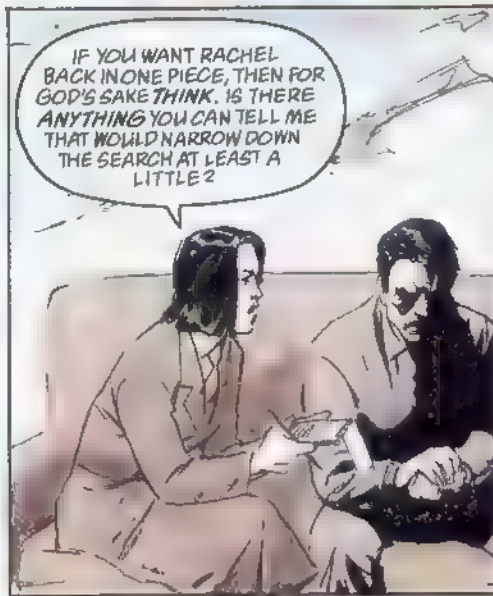
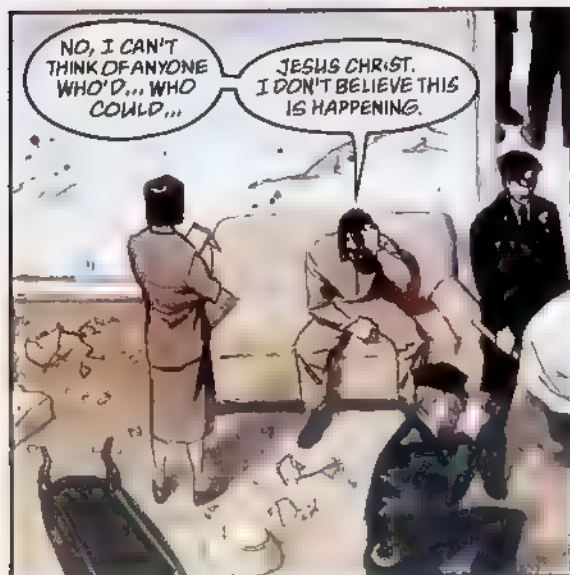
BUT IT WOULDN'T TAKE MUCH TO KEEP THEM GOING. JUST THE OCCASIONAL HEARTFELT PRAYER TO NOBODY IN PARTICULAR, THE "OH THANK GODS" OF PEOPLE WHO DON'T REALLY KNOW WHICH GOD THEY MEAN.

THEY'RE STILL THERE, AREN'T THEY, DUMA?

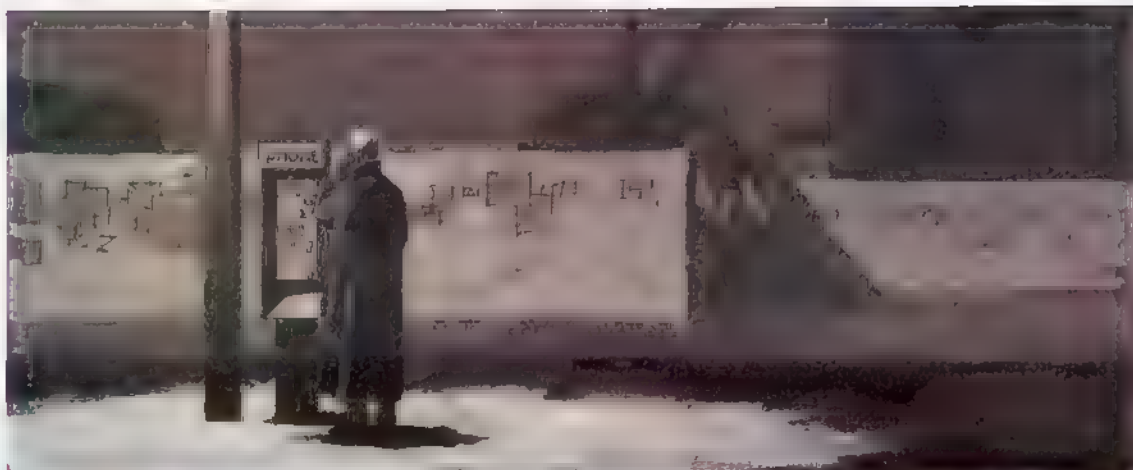
















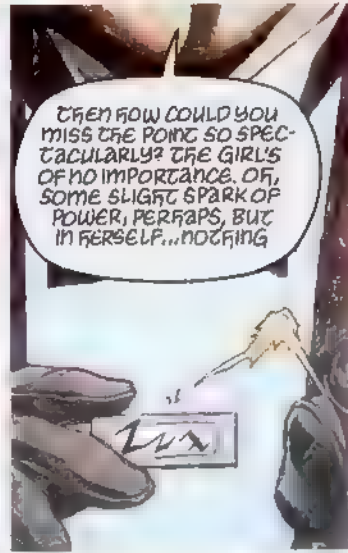
MY DREAMS ARE  
IRRELEVANT. I CLAIM  
THIS MAGIC FOR THE ARMIES  
OF THE LILIM IN EXILE. GIVE  
IT TO ME AND YOU CAN  
HAVE THE GIRL BACK  
UNHARMED



HMM?  
WHAT GIRL WOULD  
THAT BE?



THE HALF-CASTE.  
RACHEL BEGAI. I FOLLOWED  
YOU THERE, LUCIFER. I  
KNOW EVERYWHERE YOU  
WENT AND EVERYTHING  
YOU DID.

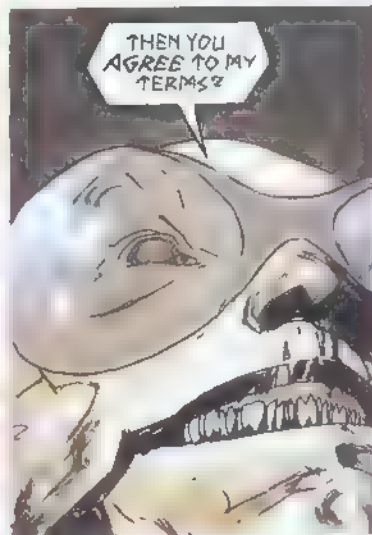


THEN HOW COULD YOU  
MISS THE POINT SO SPEC-  
TACULARLY? THE GIRL'S  
OF NO IMPORTANCE. OH,  
SOME SLIGHT SPARK OF  
POWER, PERHAPS, BUT  
IN HERSELF...NOTHING



STILL, THERE  
ARE SYNCHRONICITIES  
OPERATING HERE

PERHAPS...  
YES



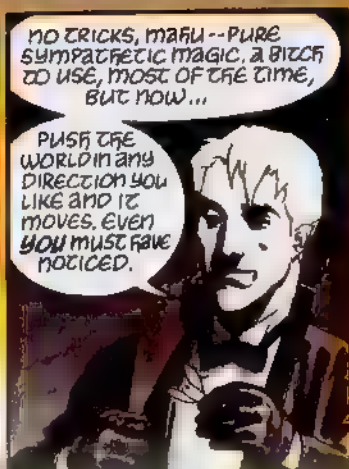
THEN YOU  
AGREE TO MY  
TERMS?



OF  
COURSE  
NOT.

TSSSS







DON'T STRUGGLE, MARU. YOU'LL MAKE ME LOSE MY GRIP.

YOU THINK A FALL WILL KILL ME? GO AHEAD, I CURSE YOU, LUCIFER! I SPIT ON YOU!

I'M NOT GOING TO DROP YOU

I'M GOING TO GET

I'm NOT  
GOING TO  
DROP YOU

YOU'LL ORBIT  
THE EARTH AS A  
LITTLE FROZEN  
MOON REENTRY  
WILL KILL YOU,  
BUT NOT FOR  
A VERY LONG  
TIME.

WHERE  
IS SHE?

MAY FOULNESS AND  
DECAY ATTEND YOU,  
YOU WHORESON  
BASTARD!

**LUCIFER I'LL KILL**

THEY  
GENERALLY DO.  
BUT AS YOU SAID,  
TODAY I'M ONE  
OF THE GOOD  
GUYS

**YOUUUUUUUUU**

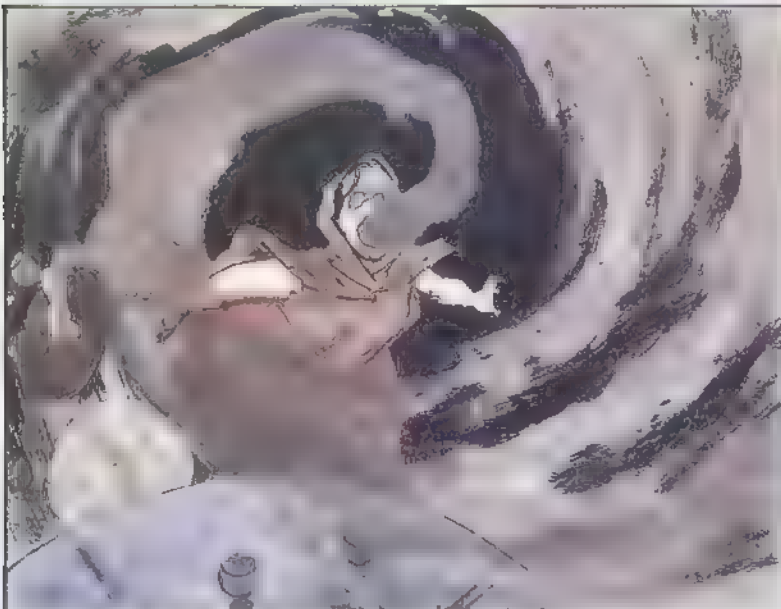
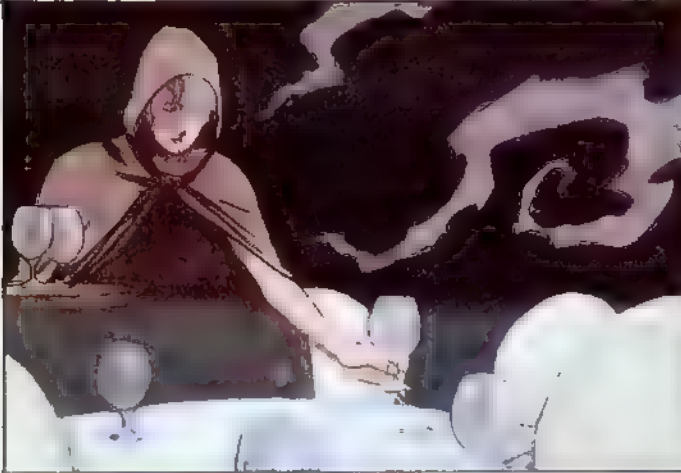




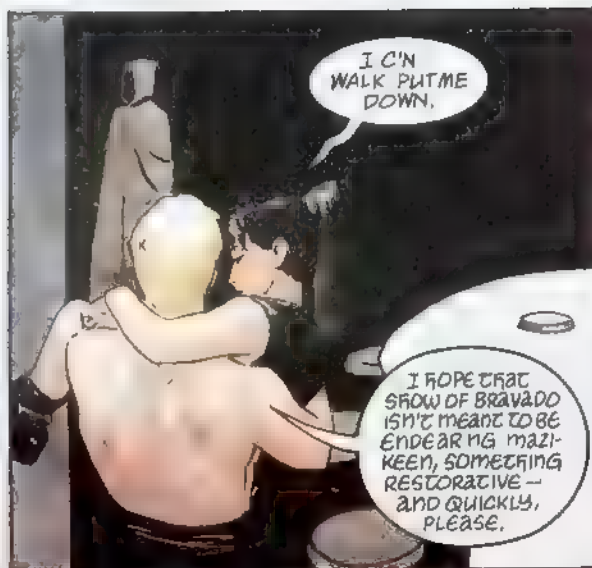
"AND NOW THERE'S A POWER  
LOOSE ON THE EARTH THAT  
MANIFESTS ITSELF IN  
SILENCE..."



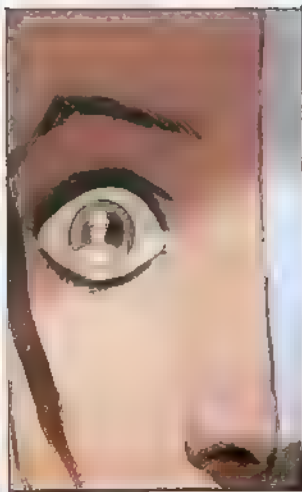
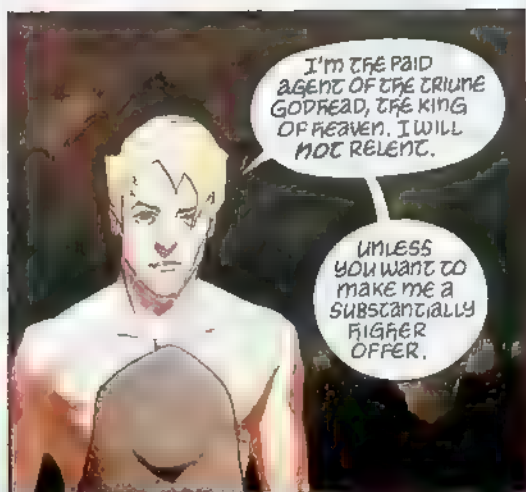
"IT'S A DANGEROUS  
MAGIC..."

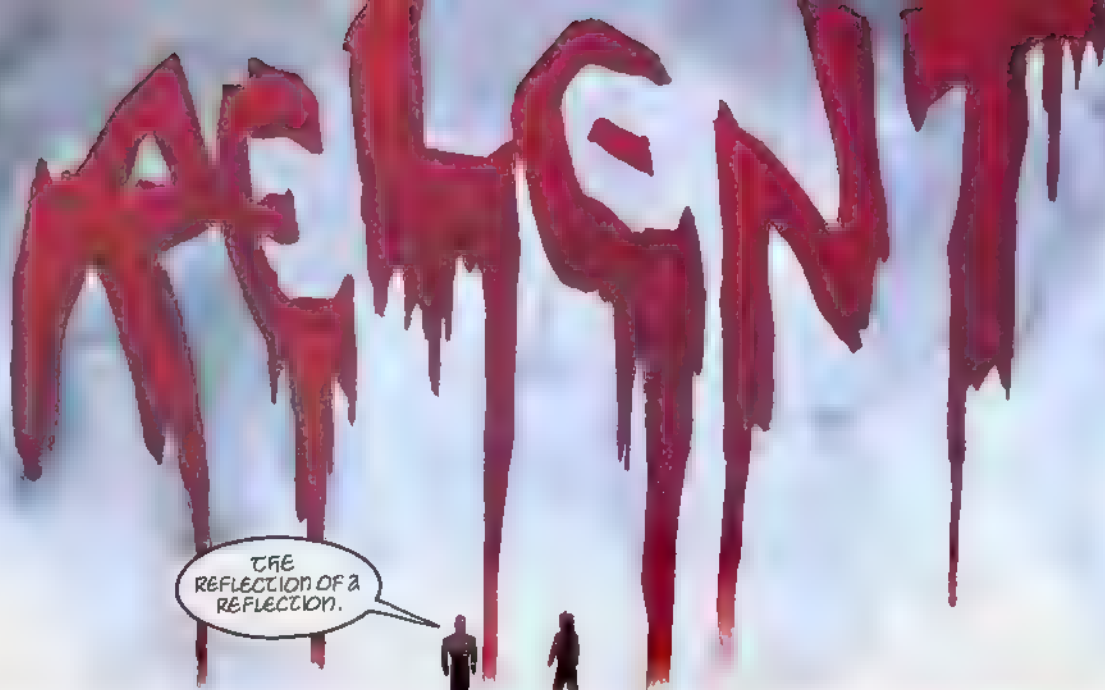


MAZIKEEN,  
I SHALL  
REQUIRE YOUR  
ASSISTANCE.









THE  
REFLECTION OF A  
REFLECTION.



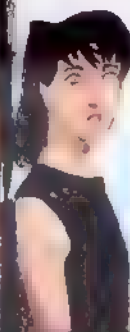
MORE SPECIFICALLY, THE  
REFLECTION OF MAZIKEEN'S  
EYE ONTO THE SURFACE OF THE  
BAR MIRROR. A REALITY TRAP

THAT DOESN'T  
MAKE ANY...

BE QUIET,  
CHILD, AND LET  
ME THINK.

THIS IS SERIOUS.  
WE'RE TWO LEVELS  
ABSTRACTED FROM  
REALITY, SO THE CHANCE  
OF FINDING IS UNLIKELY  
TO WORK.

I COULD TEAR US A  
WAY OUT, GIVEN TIME.  
GIVEN TIME IN GEOLOGI-  
CAL AMOUNTS.



THAT'S IT! IT'S  
THE BAR! CAN WE  
JUST BREAK THROUGH  
HERE SOMEHOW?

NO IF IT WERE  
THAT EASY I'D HAVE  
DONE IT ALREADY

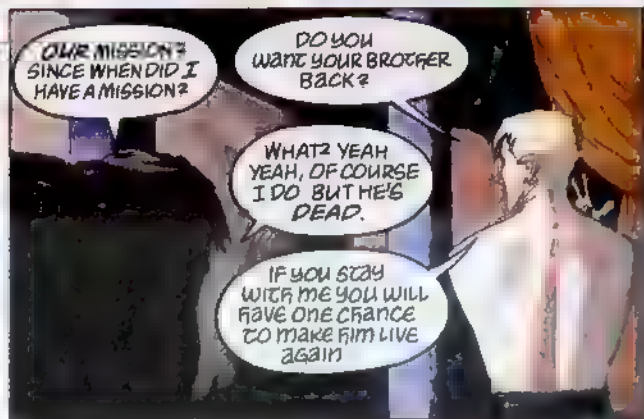
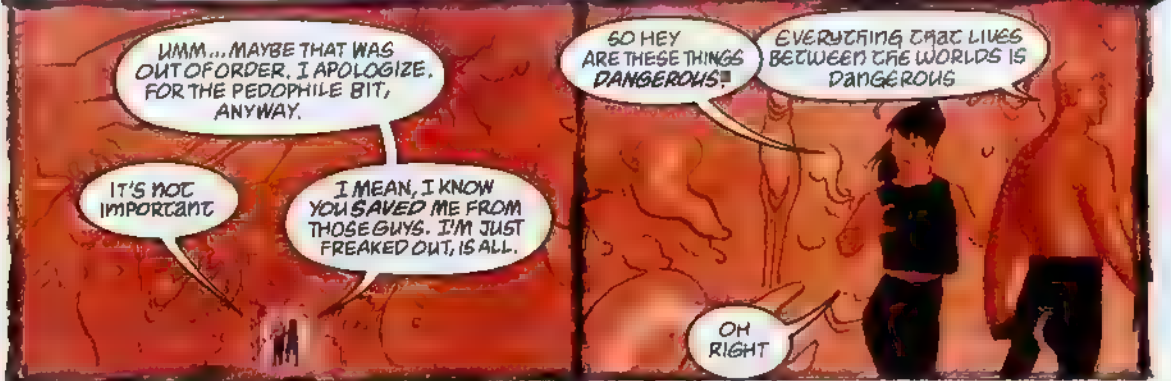
BUT THIS IS MAZIKEEN'S  
BLOOD WE'LL JUST HAVE TO  
HOPE IT KNOWS ITS WAY  
HOME.

BLOOD?  
THIS IS BLOOD?

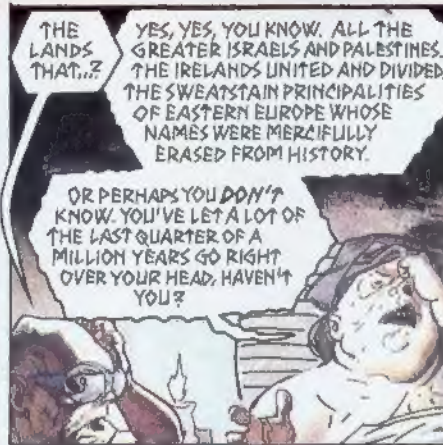
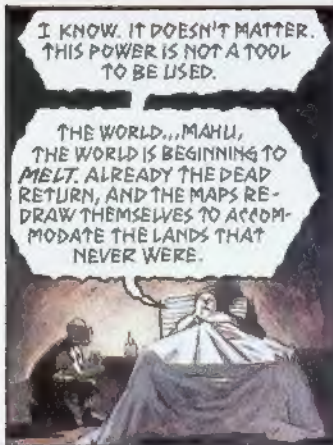
WHY DIDN'T  
YOU TELL ME  
THAT BEFORE  
I TOUCHED  
IT?







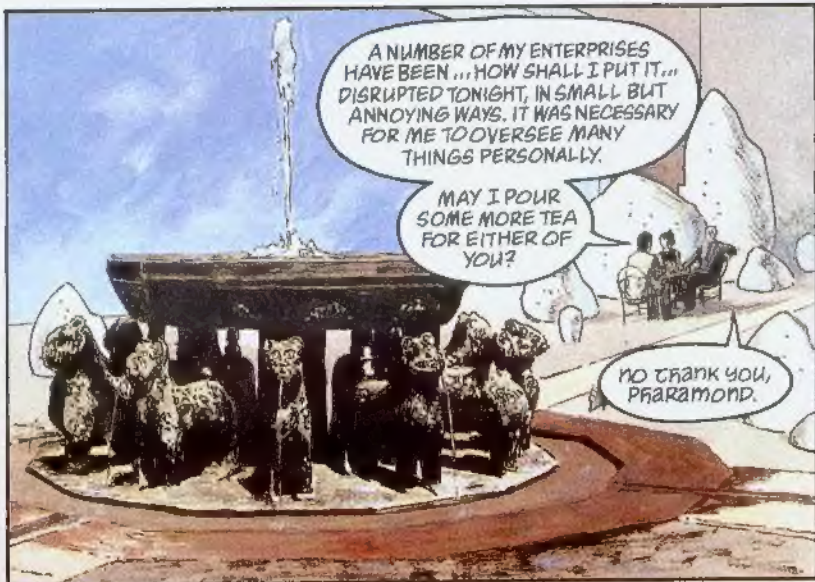








I BEG YOUR PARDON, LORD MORNINGSTAR, MISS BEGA!... I DON'T NORMALLY TAKE BREAKFAST IN THE OFFICE, BUT TONIGHT I HAVE NOT BEEN HOME.



A NUMBER OF MY ENTERPRISES HAVE BEEN ...HOW SHALL I PUT IT... DISRUPTED TONIGHT, IN SMALL BUT ANNOYING WAYS. IT WAS NECESSARY FOR ME TO OVERSEE MANY THINGS PERSONALLY.

MAY I POUR SOME MORE TEA FOR EITHER OF YOU?

NO THANK YOU, PHARAMOND.



PLEASE. I PREFER IN THIS PLACE TO BE CALLED FARRELL.

AND YOU, LORD LUCIFER? WHAT NAME DO YOU GO BY THESE DAYS?



LUCIFER! HAHHA!

YEAH, RIGHT.

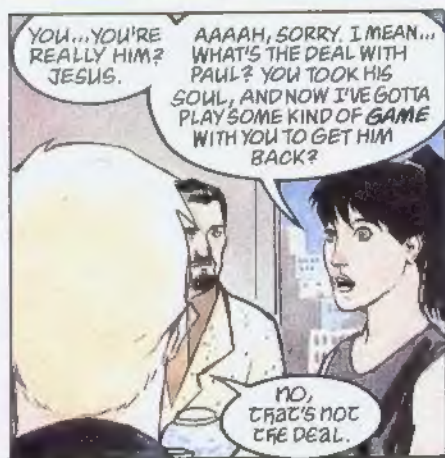


I HONESTLY DON'T CARE, NOT "LORD," THOUGH. IT'S ANACHRONISTIC.



YES, I HAD HEARD THAT YOU RESIGNED YOUR OFFICE. I WAS SORRY, ON THE WHOLE.

CHANGES IN ANCIENT ORDERS DEPRESS ME MORE AS I GROW MORE ANCIENT MYSELF.



YOU...YOU'RE REALLY HIM? JESUS.

AAAHH, SORRY. I MEAN... WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH PAUL? YOU TOOK HIS SOUL, AND NOW I'VE GOTTA PLAY SOME KIND OF GAME WITH YOU TO GET HIM BACK?

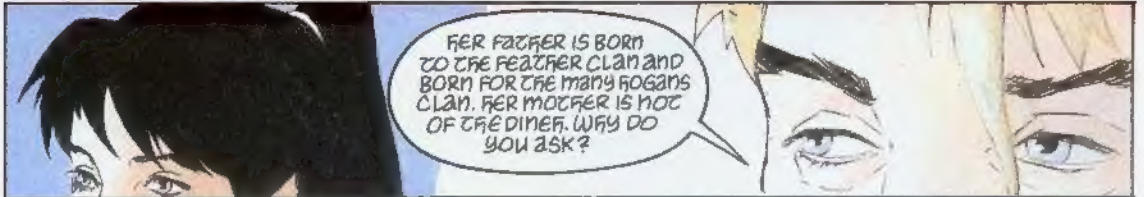
NO, THAT'S NOT THE DEAL.



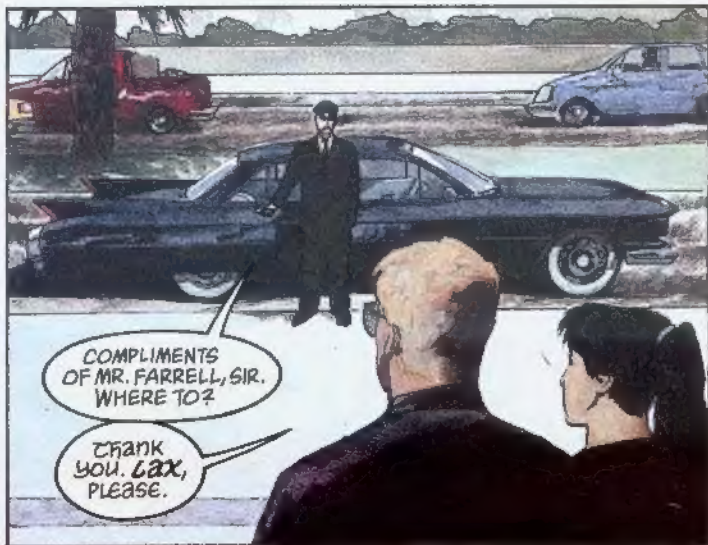
PHARAMOND, WE NEED PASSAGE AND A GUIDE TO FIRST WORLD. HOW SOON CAN THAT BE ARRANGED?

FUCK.









TO BE CONTINUED.